

# Women Who Proved Their Heroism in the Face of Death

Braved the Dangers of Storm and Surf to Save the Helpless Struggling in the Waves—The Famous Ida Lewis Only Twelve Years Old When She Effected Her First Rescue.

THE annals of American heroines of the surf have yet to be properly written, but, when a capable pen takes up the task, they will compose a fascinating volume. In a number of instances women have received medals of gold and silver from the Government in recognition of their services, and in more than one case Uncle Sam has bestowed such decorations upon little girls.

The famous Ida Lewis was only a little girl when she made her first rescue. She was twelve years of age at the time, and her mother was the keeper of the Lime Rock lighthouse in Newport Harbor, her father being a helpless cripple. One day she saw a sailboat upset in the harbor, and promptly rowed out to it in a little skiff, reaching it in time to save four young men who were struggling in the water.

Later on, under similar circumstances,



Silver Life-saving Medal Granted Edith Morgan But Declined—Marie D. Parsons Given a Medal When Only Ten Years Old—Little Maud King and Her Aunt Rescued Three Men.

She thought she heard guns at intervals, and when day broke she saw the wreck. Taking off her petticoat she waved it as a signal, but the situation of the vessel was evidently hopeless. Nearly all of those on board were lost, but three men, she succeeded, though herself a very little woman, in pulling out of the surf, afterwards restoring them to life. For this service she received three years ago, in April, 1899, the silver medal.

Only three years ago, in April, 1899, the steamer Chilcat, laden with lumber, went to pieces on the bar in trying to enter Humboldt Bay, Cal. A lifeboat was sent to her assistance from the life-saving station a couple of miles away, but it was too late, the ship having capsized.

There were twenty people on board, including half a dozen passengers, and most of them were lost; but three were saved with the utmost difficulty, and under circumstances of the greatest danger.



EDITH MORGAN.



Mrs. MARTIN SOUTHARD.



EDNA MAUD KING.



IDA LEWIS.



MRS. R. E. HENNIG.



JENNIE E. RHODES.

she saved a soldier from the Fort Adams garrison and the man was restored to life at the lighthouse. On another occasion three men were swamped in a boat near Lime Rock while trying to pick up a valuable sheep which had fallen off a wharf. She rescued them and the sheep also. Soon afterward she saw a man clinging to the spindle which marked a reef near the lighthouse, and, rowing out, she brought him in. In a gale on another day she saved two soldiers from a swamped boat, and again she pulled out two members of the Fort Adams garrison band, who had broken through the ice between the lighthouse and the fort. In all, she rescued thirteen persons from drowning, and earned for herself the title of the Grace Darling of America. She is now sixty years old, and still keeps the Lime Rock light.

The gold life-saving medals, worth \$50 each intrinsically, are granted only in cases where the recipient has risked his or her own life. In one case a medal was refused by the person to whom it was offered—Edith Morgan, of

Hamlin, Mich. There had been a fearful storm on the lake, in the winter of 1878, and the steamer City of Toledo was driven ashore. It was snowing hard, and the ship was soon transformed into an iceberg by waves breaking over it. Communication with the shore was established by a rope, and the girl, assisted by a number of men, succeeded in rescuing the crew of eighteen men. The medal sent to her was of silver, because she had not actually risked her life; but she declined to accept it, saying that if her performance did not merit a gold medal, she did not want any.

One little girl who received a medal was Marie D. Parsons. She was only ten years old, and lived on the shore of Long Island, at a place called Fire-place Village. She was watching a man hoist a sail on board of a boat some distance from shore, when suddenly the boom flew over and knocked overboard a small child of seven. The man jumped in after the child, and the boat, drifting away, left them struggling in the water.

Marie, seeing that no time was to be lost, got into a skiff, and, by rowing 300 yards with all her might, got there quickly enough to save both.

A gold medal was bestowed upon a little girl named Maud King for a deed of daring done in 1889, in the harbor of Charleston, S. C. She, her mother, and her aunt, Mary Whiteley, were the only persons at home in the lighthouse supply station at Castle Pinckney, when a yawl was capsized about a quarter of a mile from the wharf. Three men and a boy were on board of her. The boy swam ashore; one man clung to the boat, and the two others managed to reach the wharf, where they hung on for dear life, the sea that was running making their position one of great danger.

Maud, who was the granddaughter of the captain of the lighthouse tender Wistaria, ran to the wharf and lowered a boat, the task being one of no little difficulty, owing to the rough water. Into it she got, accompanied by her aunt, and the two, each taking an oar, rowed to the men, finally rescuing all three of them.

In August, 1874, the Catherine, a Norwegian vessel, ran ashore not far from Pensacola, Fla. At that season the crews of the life-saving stations are off

duty, so few wrecks occurring, and thus it happened that there were only two men in the near-by station on Santa Rosa Island—the captain, whose name was Broadbent, and one assistant. Fortunately, however, the captain had three young daughters, who promptly volunteered, helped to haul the life-saving apparatus a distance of two miles, and the life-line from the shore over the stranded ship, rigging the breeches buoy, and rescued all of the crew.

Seven years ago three young women happened to be staying for the summer at Point Lookout, on Long Island Sound. They were the guests of the wife of the keeper of the life-saving station at that place, and their names were Jennie Rhodes, Mrs. Celia Rayner, and Mrs. Rene Southard. A gale sprang up and a vessel came ashore about a mile west of the station. As subsequently ascertained, she was the Martha P. Tucker, bound from Port Tampa to Carteret, N. J., with a cargo of phosphate rock. Owing to the season the station was short-handed and the twelve men on board would all have been drowned inevitably but for the efforts of the young women, who helped in transporting and operating the apparatus, thus saving eleven of the crew. The twelfth was swept overboard and drowned.

In January, 1892, a vessel was blown ashore at night on the coast of Washington State, in a lonely region where there are no life-saving stations. It was a terrible storm, and all night long Mrs. Martha White, the wife of a local settler, patrolled the beach with a lantern.

ser, by women from the station. Mrs. Hennig, the keeper's wife, a girl named Shumway, and Mrs. McLean, who was the wife of a surferman. The woman dashed into the heavy surf and dragged the unfortunates ashore, all three of them being afterward resuscitated.

Shipwrecked persons are apt to come ashore almost if not entirely naked, owing to the fury of the elements, and hence the necessity of having on hand plentiful supplies of clothing for them. No sooner are they fetched to the life-saving stations than they are put to bed and furnished with every possible comfort by the women, who in this way contribute very materially to the benevolent work. If they did nothing else, their services would deserve to be considered most valuable, but, as already explained, they often take an active part in the actual business of saving lives. It is a fact worth mentioning incidentally that the first lifeboat service on the Atlantic coast of North America was established by a woman, Dorothea Dix, who built and equipped a station on Beble Island, off the shores of Nova Scotia.

## THE WOMAN YOU LONG FOR, THE WOMAN WHO GUSHES

By KATE THYSON MARR.

Author of "Confessions of a Grass Widow," "Bound By the Law," etc.

I positively hate her! She always wants to deluge you with molasses and then stick. Politeness is a craze with me, and the idea of wounding anyone's feelings abhorrent, and yet it is awfully hard work to be courteous when your nerves receive an unexpected wrench.

The woman who gushes is rarely sincere; she is the victim of a habit, and gushes over everything and everybody.

She is always gushing. If she comes into your home, and it happens to be as cold as a fish on ice, she gushes over it. If it is hot enough to melt a brass monkey, she still insists that it is so de-lightful. If she stays to luncheon, and the bill-of-fare is short on odd lengths, and you are mortified to death, she still gushes and you are undecided whether she is making a fool of you or herself. She gushes over your clothes; in fact, everything that can do duty as a safety valve against her exuberant exuberance.

If you show her a piece of work that you are dissatisfied with, she thinks it perfectly lovely. If you tell her anything that has made you so unhappy that you felt suicidal, she will still gush. She has a set of stereotyped phrases always on tap, and no matter what happens it's—

"Charming, I am sure."  
"Perfectly charming."  
"Charming to meet you."

"How charming you look!" And a lot more that just makes you tired.

If she goes to an entertainment and meets you, she rushes up and greets you so effusively that it is woefully embarrassing, and the guests are all thoroughly convinced that you date on one another. She clings to you in a manner that would make the old ivy and oak story sue for a divorce, and deprives you of the pleasure of meeting others whom you have been dying to see for months.

She is an unqualified bore, and when she starts to elaborate you by telling

who you are, and what you are, and where you came from, and all that you ever did do, or did not do, or ought to have done, it makes a sensible woman feel like rushing off to the foolish house.

If one sings at the entertainment in a voice so cracked that you expect to see both the singer and the voice drop into bits, she gushes and wishes she had the gift, while you thank a merciful providence that she hasn't. If anyone recites, no matter how uninteresting the entertainer or her theme, the gusher gushes, and wishes she had the talent. No matter what may be your qualifications, if she can find something to exploit and make it seem that she is the only one who knows you and is retelling a bit of news, she is de-lightful, and her friend is so de-lightful, until you feel half ashamed of being outside of the commonplace average.

There are women who are conspicuous by reason of talent, personality, or social environment, but such women are generally level-headed, and don't want to run around tagged: "I am So-and-So," and while all talent appreciates success and kindly consideration, yet the woman of mark prefers to be received courteously for her own personal self, rather than for the sake of any glory that might attach to her name, and there is nothing more aggravating or more embarrassing to a refined woman of mark than to find herself spotted and designated with a lot of frills when she wishes to be received only as a guest should be.

Of course, there are many women who like this display, and are flattered by it, who would enjoy hearing their names shouted through a megaphone with a brass band attachment, whenever and wherever they appear, but such women are rarely gifted with the worth of individuality that shrinks from such things.

If a woman cannot bring with her, in her own personality, the grace of manner and bearing that stamps her as being above mediocrity, then all the trumpeting of friends with the gush habit will not accomplish it, and will only lead to embarrassment, which puts a woman at her worst rather than her best.

Greatness is disappointing, as everyone knows, and when we hear so much of certain people, and of those whose names are familiar to us, we often experience a decided shock when meeting them.

The woman who figures in the public eye knows this, and rather avoids meeting strangers who will be on the qui vive to see that she looks like, and who will note every detail of dress or peculiarity of manner. To such a woman the gushing creature is a positive nightmare, and often with her amiable, well-intentioned praise and lavish compliments is a source of embarrassment that is absolutely painful.

Then the other gusher—who rushes up to you on the street and kisses you. That kind of woman puts me in a panic! I want to call out to the fire department, or the police department, or a vigilance committee, or any old thing to protect me. You can't knock a woman down for kissing you, yet homicide in such cases should be legalized. The gusher wants to kiss you at the railroad train at the risk of missing your train or breaking your neck. She wants to kiss you on the street car when the conductor is mad enough to say had words while yelling himself hoarse "all out!" She wants to kiss you when she meets you in a shop and you are in a dead heat hurry.

In fact, normal women, as a rule, hate to kiss another woman—I know that I

do! (Beg pardon, and yet they must submit to the infliction or seem frightfully rude, and say something mean that would wound.

An attractive, well-bred woman often finds herself most unpleasantly hedged about by these gushing freaks, and often undoubtedly it is all most kindly meant in every sense of the word. It is the outgrowth of overdone good intentions or an overweening pride that such a woman takes in being able to introduce another who happens to be her pet admiration, or who by some attribute of talent or social standing is above or beyond the ordinary.

A woman of generous impulses both of word or deed, will always speak well of another. No matter how black the record may be against her, she can always find something kind to say in her defense, but this species of kindness is very different from the extravagant gush that comes as a cold shower when the subject herself is present and among strangers. There is nothing more embarrassing to a sensible woman than to be forced to listen to rhapsodies centralized on herself.

The gushing woman thinks she is being awfully sweet, as no doubt she means to be, but we all know that there is nothing more interesting than an over-gush of sweets, and when these are accentuated by this horror-breeding gush, it is enough to make a real lady want to say some real naughty bad words.

## HOW THE SUMMER GIRL OF 1902 IS ENJOYING HERSELF

(Continued From First Page.)

lege, and her enthusiasm over the sport is not surpassed even by the football fanatic.

There are less active sports which are found sufficiently exciting and attractive to the summer young woman, and at the same time permit of a pretty costume. Yachting is, of course, foremost among these, and rare, indeed, is the up-to-date girl who cannot manage a catboat with all the cleverness attributed to her stalwart rivals.

Sailing is without an equal for a delightful summer sport, and whether the girl of the hour is skimming over the smooth waters of lake or sound, or buffeting the waves of the briny deep, she is always fetching in appearance.

Yachting togs become her wonderfully well, and the stiff breeze which roughs her hair into a fluffy, burnished halo and brings a color to her cheeks and a sparkle to her eyes becomes one of the exhilarating pleasures of the sport.

Besides being so thoroughly enjoyable, yachting offers an excellent opportunity for the display of all manner of stunning creations, which are as seaworthy as the graceful craft splashing over the water.

White is the modish color for yacht-

ing this season, and certainly nothing is prettier or more picturesque. The woman who intends spending much of her summer aboard a yacht has provided herself with a number of these pure white costumes, some of them showing just a bit of red or blue or green—but for the most part absolutely colorless. It is a fact of this summer's girl to wear all white for sports and it goes without saying that it is an effective idea or she wouldn't choose it.

A pastime which is almost as fascinating as yachting and yet is much less popular is canoeing. When seated in a trim little shell on a line with the water there is a keen sense of enjoyment in the rhythmic dip of the paddles as they send the tiny boat skimming over the water.

Canoeing is not really a difficult sport, but it is one in which great care must be exercised, for the slightest movement aways the shell. This may account for the comparatively few devotees to be found among the fair sex.

Sweaters Now in Favor.

The young women who have tasted of the pleasures of canoeing have learned that practical costumes are the only satisfactory kind to wear. Sweaters cannot be improved upon for general service for water does not harm these durable garments. Nowadays the clumsiness which used to be a disfiguring element in their appearance has been overcome to such a degree that a woman of good figure looks rather well in one of these articles.

Perfect ease and freedom of movement are absolutely essential when one is making strokes with a paddle, and the canoe enthusiast is not apt to insist upon picturesqueness with regard to her costume. There are other occasions when she may consistently make more of a point of artistic raiment. In a canoe she must be prepared for a sudden ducking as this is one of the mishaps liable to befall the most cautious canoeist.

Riding is still one of the thoroughly enjoyed summer pleasures, notwithstanding ubiquitous automobiles. Not until later, however, will its popularity be at its height.

In the meantime, the summer girl whose inclinations turn not to the water, to the links, or to long automobile rides into the country, will find a diversion in the ever popular game of tennis. After all it is said and done there is really no prettier or more excellent sport than this one with racquet and balls.

For women tennis is a particularly good game. It imparts gracefulness and is not so vigorous as to be fatiguing. The game is recommended to the young woman who would acquire ease and suppleness, and by devoting her summer to this pleasant pastime she will find that at the end of the season she has accomplished more in this direction than if she had taken several courses at a gymnasium.

Responsible for Short-Sleeve Fad.

As to the correct tennis costume, society has for some time shown a predilection for pure white and rather elaborate effects. No other game admits of so much dressing as this one played on closely cropped lawn or smooth hard dirt. Last year at Newport many young women played the game in thin and daintily trimmed summer frocks, and certainly their appearance warranted a continuance of the fashion.

Tennis is responsible for the short sleeve fad which has become so popular, and the idea of leaving the arm bare from elbow down proved such a becoming one—where this feature is prettily rounded—that the fad found favor beyond the boundaries of the tennis courts. Not content with the quaint elbow length, the summer girl this year has already been seen wearing her blouse sleeves cut off midway between shoulder and elbow. This seems to be carrying the fad just a bit too far, however, and in the end summer frocks will show a decided lengthening of sleeve.

A white season this is to be, especially with regard to the costumes mentioned, while for formal wear colors will prevail. This may seem a rather odd arrangement, but it is certainly a chic one, and the summer girl follows it with entire satisfaction, well aware that in her trim and becoming white cloth and linen outfit dresses she is a vision incomparably charming.

## THE STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE OF A FAMOUS PIPE

To many people who smoke their pipes often become great keepsakes and are handled with the tenderest care, but seldom is it that one has a history attached to it as legendary as a pipe at present in the possession of an old man in Riverside, R. I.

This pipe is made of black birch, and after a somewhat peculiar design, the bowl being supported by two small feet carved in the wood. The owner of this historic and touring pipe bought it a half century ago, and after using it about four years it one day very mysteriously disappeared.

Back in the days half a century ago the owner used to tell a quaint legend

about it, which he revived when he recovered the pipe. The story goes that it was one time the property of King Philip, the famous Indian chief, who reigned in the Mount Hope territory more than two centuries ago, and that it was taken from his body after his death at an Indian battle in 1676.

The present owner tells that the man from whom he got the pipe firmly believed the story that it belonged to King Philip for years. When the present owner laid it down one day, over forty years ago and went to look for it again it had apparently walked away, and after several close searches he gave up finding it, until one day recently he was visiting an old lady friend, who suddenly got up and left the room, soon returning and handing the pipe over

his shoulder. Much to the old man's astonishment his old, old pipe had again come to life. He pressed his friend for an explanation, and was merely told that she had found it the other day while cleaning house, and knew nothing about its previous ownership.

The old man then questioned the husband of his friend as to how he came into possession of it, but could find out nothing further than that the husband had bought it from an old sailor at Bristol. As Bristol was a seaport of some importance several years ago, the pipe has probably traveled nearly or quite around the globe since the owner laid it down forty years ago, and with its history on its travels, this pipe probably has no parallel in the biographies of smoking utensils.